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Hood, Thomas, 1799-1845.
Fair Inez.
[cop.1868]

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THERE'S NONE SO FAIR AS CAN COMPARE - WITH YOU MY BURNING DESIRE --
WHATCHA PUTTIN' IN YOUR COAT HAROLD?
NONE O' YOUR BUSINESS - YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND! YOU AIN'T DRY BEHIND TH' EARS YET!
YOU AIN'T DRY BEHIND TH' EARS EITHER! Y'DL SMARTY!
Hood. Thanks
THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT - THIS POEM IS MY SUPREME EFFORT AND IT OUGHTA SLAY HER!
SIS WON'T BE READY FOR AGES - AND SHE SAYS FOR YOU TO PARK TH' BODY IN TH SOFA - BIG STUFF!
OKAY TUFFY LOVELY WEATHER ISN'T IT?
HOLY CATS, IF MA FINDS THIS FROG IN MY POCKET I'LL GET A LACING!
TUFFY! TUFFY - COME HERE THIS INSTANT!
I'LL JUST SLIP IN TH INSIDE POCKE OF HAROLD'S COAT - PASS TH' BUCK TO BIG STUFF HE KIN HANDLE IT!
SEE? WHAT TH'?
I GOT A SPRISE FOR YOU LI'L LAMBIE - AND I KNOW YOU'LL LOVE IT!
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FAIR INES

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FAIR INES.

By THOMAS HOOD.

ILLUSTRATED

BY W. ST. JOHN HARPER AND W. F. FREER,

UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF GEO. T. ANDREW.

BOSTON:
ESTES AND LAURIAT.

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University Press:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.

FAIR INES.

O saw ye not fair Ines?
She 's gone into the West
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest:
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivall'd bright;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whisper'd thee so near!
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beauteous dream,
— If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines!
She went away with song,
With Music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad and felt no mirth,
But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang, Farewell, Farewell,
To her you 've loved so long!

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before,—
Alas, for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

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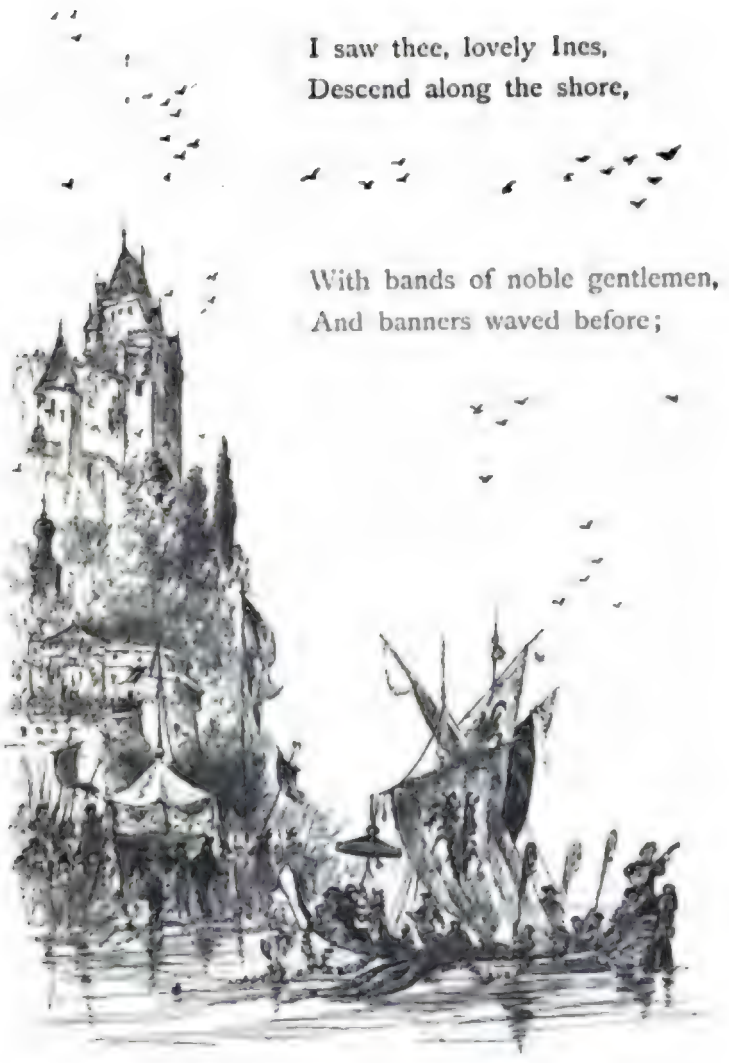

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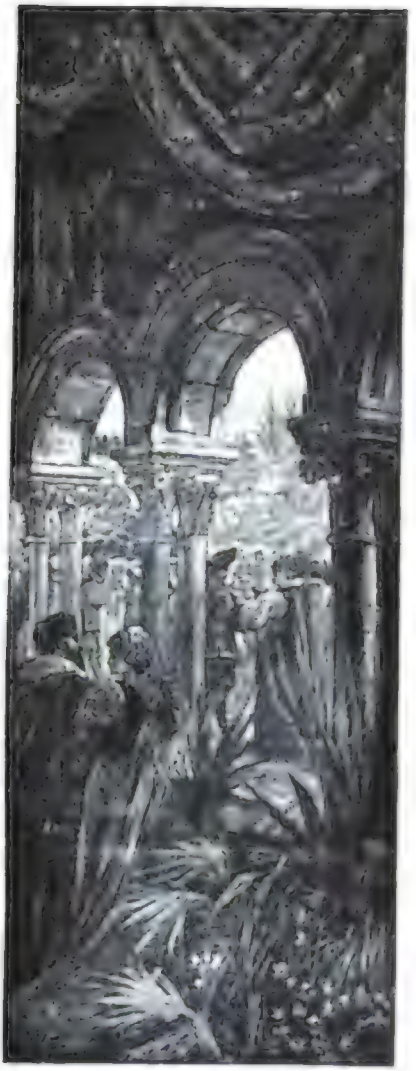

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